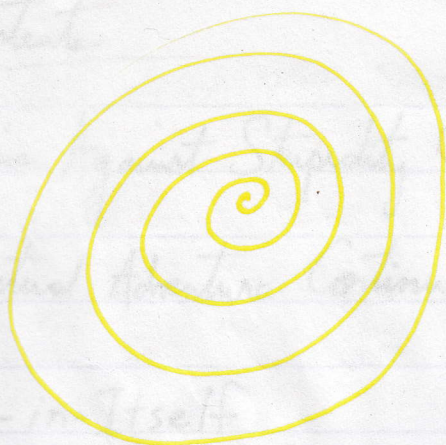


ONTOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS





ONTOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS

BOOK ONE

(A PHILOSOPHICAL DIARY)

SEPTEMBER 2010

MICHAEL WILLIAM HENTRICH (1967-)

H 140

08
3/11/11
H
2
-
30
H
30

Contents

- 1 My Rebellion Against Stupidity Continues p. 1
- 2 The Intellectual Adventure Continues ~~p. 23~~
p. 23
- 3 Existence-in-Itself p. 66
- 4 I Don't Exist p. 101
- 5 A Unique Specimen p. 137

(1) WRITING & MADNESS - Markham Tolson

(2) MADNESS & MODERNISM - Louis Sorel

will also report The German Thaw (c. 2010) from
the Ashbury Park Public Library NOT RECEIVED (12-20-2010)

MY REBELLION AGAINST STUPIDITY CONTINUES

30 August 2010 [Monday 2AM]

I rise at 01:11 and decide to stay awake, to make coffee even. No tobacco. I am about fifty cents shy of a pouch of tobacco, but the stores are closed anyway. Sometime tomorrow I will be able to get a pouch, for sure. It is a miserable life, any way you look at it.

I am half-serious when I claim to have invented a new literary model in the form of "the philosophical diary."

The trail of texts I explore become intertwined with my own speculations.

Two other texts I wish to incorporate into my intellectual adventures were also, along with the works of Schopenhauer, Cioran, Nietzsche, Husserl, Merleau-Ponty, and a few others, carried out West of 3000 miles and back again:

- ① WRITING & MADNESS Shoshana Felman
- ② MADNESS & MODERNISM Louis Sass

I will also request The German Genius (c. 2010) from the Asbury Park Public Library. NOT Received (12.28 2010)

313

MY REBELLION AGAINST STUPIDITY (CONTINUED)

Not drinking alcohol becomes a strategy to stay out of jail, but this then opens up an entirely different experience than just diving into oblivion via alcohol.

Tolstoy included tobacco as one of the major ways men "stupety" themselves.

Are we in Hell? Have aristocrats not always, at all times, created ~~new~~ systems of morality with which they use to place blame, culpability, on the victims of man's greed and social injustices?

No words or philosophy can console one who is not interested in understanding but only is concerned with "peace of mind".

My own mother ceaselessly cuts off my philosophical speculations, enforcing stupidity with a fierceness.

I suspect that she thinks I like to visit her just to use her internet connection and computer. She is my mother and I love her unconditionally, but there is a

(98.31)
9100

NOT RECEIVED

limit to her capacity. She is afraid to probe too deeply. Maybe she fears the cruel consequences of a steady growth of self-reflection and psychological introspection, which might lead to the utmost detachment.

When faced with a sort of abstract nausea in the face of the sheer existence of things — a state of ontological anxiety; we are in a state and condition familiar to all. Nobody can help us. We must figure things out for ourselves. We have to **BUST OUR OWN GORT!** This is the dreaded secret, that there is no "redemption" or "salvation" from the crisis of birth. Being itself generates ontological insecurity.

There is a "genius at work," but the genius is of the species, not the "individual person," since the notion of "person" is a social construction.

I AM BEING-IN-THE-WORLD. As I am exploring, one text leads to another. Hence, "intellectual adventure."

Ontological Issues → Madness & Modernity p. 190-1
"The 2 major philosophers of the twentieth century, Wittgenstein and Heidegger" write about how some issues are of such great foundational significance that they cannot be spoken about.

Ontological Speculations pertain to questions concerning the ultimate nature of Being and the relationship between "mind and world" or "language and world."

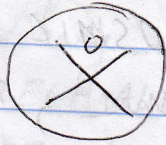
And yet language and the very nature of perception are "embedded in" or "presupposed by our forms of experience and of speech," and THIS makes it extremely difficult to detach ourselves from these all-encompassing matters in order to describe them or to call them into question.

What is significant is that William Barret, in The Illusion of Technique, also focuses on Wittgenstein and Heidegger.

There is a trail I am following (and now I am jerping in on the utter limits of reason and language). But I clearly recall Schopenhauer;

"The inexpressible is not to be the same as the unknowable" or something like "just because WISDOM may be incommunicable does not mean WISDOM doesn't exist."

We don't have to be able to express knowledge in order for it to be knowledge.



I just experimented with putting jelly on pancake along with syrup and butter. Delicious.

The pancake batter was left over from last night's dinner. I have ~~pre~~ cooked oatmeal I just have to heat up on the stove.

These basic life-supporting activities, preparing/cooking meals and storing ingredients, along with having a mattress to fall down on when at last it's scrubbed enough, shit enough, ate enough, had enough - and it returns to a state of unconsciousness, like a plant.

What is real? Why is This Perfect Day being re-released? Is it going to become a Hollywood blockbuster? Would Kilgore Trout have liked the Internet?

X

What is it that guides me? That which guided
he we call Schopenhauer is what guides
what we call me. Where do these scribbles
take me? What does scribbling do to
assist in understanding the ontological
status of existence?

We suffer a cosmic anxiety, pertaining
to core issues, not simply the
basic anxiety over events and experiences
and memories.

I could add another kind of anxiety over
the complete dependence upon artifice
beyond one's power. Being supported
by the life-support of modern technology
creates an anxiety. We have become
exotic plants, requiring life-support. Does
anyone really know any better than
anyone else what reality was as
is?

There is no white race. Every white human
being is bleached. Page 547-548 in WWR 2
by Schopenhauer verifies a great deal.

X¹⁰

Do I sleep to escape the miserable pressure of the will to live? Someone is always wishing you were dead. Céline's Journey to the End of the Night details one man's encounters with this modern world in the 1930's.

I have no choice, I suppose, but to be the protagonist of this 'intellectual adventure' - a new "literary genre": the philosophical diary.

INTELLECTUAL ADVENTURE
SCIENCE-FICTION.

Living on pancakes, oatmeal, grits, corn bread, burgers...

Do I ever once forget my dependency on the gargantuan artificer in place that brings such commodities to the shores of commerce? No. As must all confess at once to being a Rodent. Do we see ourselves as the Rodents we are?

I justify my life by scribbling and reading, napping and singing. I have figured some things out. My intelligence is my disability. My superior intellect causes interpersonal anxiety in whichever job environment I end up in. I have my hands full with core dilemmas, the shock of Being.

81
X

I did put in a request for The German Genius by Peter Watson in the suggestion box at the library. I will focus on the texts I have, taking advantage of the next four nights without funds.

When I allow myself to see clearly how dependent my ~~own~~ animal body is upon the artifice of the industrial world, I acknowledge just how fragile our lives are. This is a good reason not to struggle for status, ~~and~~ to just get by like Diogenes and the original Cynics.

"Day after day I do nothing. How long can he go on like that, day after day, going to the library, reading, writing, thinking, sleeping?

No television? No Internet?
No movies? No car? No romance?

For me, the trick is to relax, to appreciate that, by doing away with "necessities" such as car, cable & TV, and dignity, I am able to live the life of a lazy scholar.

Who can advise anyone in this life? All I know is the month to month patterns, living on social security. Now, with the threat of these changes looming, I may look into getting a lawyer "pro bono" if possible. In the meantime I have to admit that not pounding down beers makes for less chances for me to end up arrested again.

This is my life. My mother seems to have accepted that I will be going back to jail once I get sentenced. I would have to prepare myself for the shock of losing Section 8, of losing this apartment, and of going back on general assistance with emergency shelter upon my release.

And so each day I just continue to do nothing but lay about reading books, walking to the ocean, drinking coffee, eating simple meals, detaching from desires.

No more delusions concerning Shalonda. No more delusions about libertarians.

No more delusions about being some kind of "spiritual leader." I am getting lazier and lazier, wondering what is next, wondering how it ends.



31 August 2010 Tuesday

In one of the last chapters of *Palm Sunday*, a chapter called "A Nazi Sympathizer Defended at Some Cost," Vonnegut writes about Louis-Ferdinand Céline. He hadn't heard about Céline until he was well into his forties. He was flabbergasted by *Journey to the End of the Night*. Life is as dangerous and unforgiving and irrational as Céline said it was. Vonnegut says that writers are especially shocked and enlightened by what Céline says. We are grateful to him for not pulling any punches. Céline revealed himself as a fierce anti-Semite and a Nazi sympathizer.

VONNEGUT:

"As for real death - it has always been a temptation to me, since my mother solved so many problems with it. The child of a suicide will naturally think of death as a logical solution to any problem, even one in simple algebra. Question: If Farmer A can plant 300 potatoes an hour, and Farmer B can plant potatoes 50% faster, and Farmer C can plant potatoes $\frac{1}{3}$ as fast as Farmer B, and 10,000 potatoes are to be planted to an acre, how many 9-hour days will it take Farmers A, B, and C, working simultaneously, to plant 25 acres? Answer: I think I'll blow my brains out. (It would take almost 30 days)

X

I don't understand those who tell me, "I could never live the way you do!" as if they had some inherent traits which could never allow them to be such a "free-spirit".

They are fooling nobody but themselves. My day starts off quite naturally with coffee, tobacco, WBAI/Democracy Now, and the morning "sitting with George". He tells me the teenagers have a new thing where they belt him in the face while riding by on a bicycle.

The last time one did it, he was able to grab him off the bike, put a beating on him and fucked up the kid's bicycle. The teen went home crying. Good for George.

People dehumanize him. He's just "the retarded white man who gets a big check. People are assholes. Most people suck.

Starting the day by coming down to the ocean, diving in the water, riding a few waves, drying in the sun, and reading literature is AS GOOD AS IT GETS. This was my dream when I was locked in a cage.

I have resisted seeking psychiatric attention in order to protect my "freedom". Were I to be entangled in the spider's web that is "behavioral healthcare", I would be coerced into some miserable outpatient mental institution and forced to suffer extreme stupidity being at the mercy of oppressive personalities such as "Lou (citer) the van driver from CPC Behavioral Health in Aberdeen."

I rebelled against the cruel hypocrisy of that social machinery which creates the very depression it claims to "treat"! I don't "do" programs! There are those who hate me living under the radar. My daily life is a testament to my free spirit. Maybe these days of penniless joy will give me strength and renew my energies for adverse experiences to come.

I'll be returning the Barrett and Vonnegut texts today and getting back to Schopenhauer while waiting for the arrival of The German Genius. If that book is very readable to me, and, if I am sentenced, I can consider requesting my mother send me a copy in jail.

Paradoxically, the nearly 75 days I spent in the air-conditioned ~~today~~ dungeon this summer has automatically granted me a shameless appreciation for "having it DICKED."

I suppose I am supposed to deny my delight so as not to make anyone upset - well, if I am happy to lay on the beach all morning reading books and scribbling in my diary, gawking at the occasional sexy woman in a bikini, then what's good is it to be some hotshot yuppie with a career and loving family?

X

In the last chapter of autobiographical Palm Sunday, Vonnegut makes a statement about laughter and tears. I remember I recall that Ido Marguard came to the conclusion, in The Defense of the Accidental that laughter and tears give us FREEDOM & DIGNITY!

What does Vonnegut say about laughter and tears? He said that laughs were exactly as honorable as tears. Laughter and tears are both responses to frustration and exhaustion, to the futility of thinking or striving anymore. It is better to laugh at our predicament and see ourselves as ridiculous and absurd rather than blame ourselves for our inability to find our niche in society. Suppose my niche is to be a dead beat.

X

21

It may be a miserable life and even a more miserable life due to the seeming meaninglessness of mass-industrial society, but my fight against those who would coerce me into wage-slavery or a "day program" is what grants me the "free" quality of my day to day existence. I find I had to defy authority to salvage an existence free of schedules, bosses, and the unpleasantness of selling myself for a damn paycheck.

X

She and I spoke today a little in the newspaper section. I guess we are "flirting" - maybe she is not on such friendly terms with all the patrons. Could it be that she wishes I were, at least employed so she could hold her head high were we to ever "become an item"? I will cross that bridge if I ever come to it.

I saw T in the park next to the library and ~~smoke~~ to her for awhile, sitting on the grass. She was being loud in a very friendly way, mimicking my drunken behavior (June 30th) for her friend. I'm sure she can tell that I am better off NOT CHASING CHEMICALLY-INDUCED pleasure.

THE INTELLECTUAL ADVENTURE CONTINUES

130°F in Iraq this time of year.
End of the war in Iraq

It's a transition from the Pentagon to the State Department with private contractors - mercenaries.

X
I awaken with a headache. Coffee helps.
One of the first "worries" that seems to hit me upon waking up is how long I can go on without "looking for a job" or "being in treatment" (which I consists of being shuffled into an outpatient treatment center where you are expected to participate in "talk therapy", "trivia pursuit", watching stupid movies, playing bingo, and generally treated like kindergarten children).

Are there things I could be doing besides reading these very heavy texts?

Let's be clear about this. Nothing that is so, is so. I enjoy my communications with the handful of subversive thinkers from various parts of the person-industrial complex.

* A vet from war died from getting a double dose of seroquel (for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder). Seroquel is what the doctors at CPC had me on.

What does it mean, these things I am told by WBAI journalists? Police quotas... soldiers and vets forced to take seroquel... It tells me that I am far along the path of dissent. An officer who blew the whistle on the NYPD for its quotas policies was placed in a psychiatric hospital for 6 days! What does this say about the nature of psychiatry as an institution of repression?

My daily routine, outside of the jail consists of the exploration of books and the study of philosophy. Since getting out of the alcoholic cycle, I have been able to regain some focus on wrapping my mind around what it means to BE-IN-THE-WORLD.

I, like Schopenhauer and now Ricoeur, focus on the phenomenology of the will. As I may be dropped in a cage before the year's end, I do not feel as though I am wasting my "freedom" in these ontological speculations.

I will attempt to explore/read the two mentioned texts over the next 6 weeks while also making a slow march through Schopenhauer's *The World As Will & Representation*, Volume 2. I am on a very unique orbit.

What does it mean, these things I am told by WBAI journalists? Police quotas... soldiers and vets forced to take seroquel... It tells me that I am far along the path of dissent. An officer who blew the whistle on the NYPD for its quotas policies was placed in a psychiatric hospital for 6 days! What does this say about the nature of psychiatry as an institution of repression?

My daily routine, outside of the jail consists of the exploration of books and the study of philosophy. Since getting out of the alcoholic cycle, I have been able to regain some focus on wrapping my mind around what it means to BE-IN-THE-WORLD.

I, like Schopenhauer and now Ricoeur, focus on the phenomenology of the will. As I may be dropped in a cage before the year's end, I do not feel as though I am wasting my "freedom" in these ontological speculations.

I will attempt to explore/read the two mentioned texts over the next 6 weeks while also making a slow march through Schopenhauer's *The World As Will & Representation*, Volume 2. I am on a very unique orbit.

Getting tanked and cranking the radio until I pass out seems to be a victory for the forces of confusion and despair that have so many brains in crises.

I also sympathize with all who are chained to the prison of employment, all who are so indoctrinated that they discipline themselves to obey the clock and repress their primitive need for autonomy in exchange for the "security" of participation.

Without social security and section 8 I could end up one of those who are coerced into group homes and shuffled to day-programs - a fate which mocks and degrades. It becomes nearly impossible to "fight back" from the position of weakness one finds oneself in, waking up to being at the mercy of wage-slavers bossing you into a van with threats of homelessness. There is a class of "untouchables" in the USA. They are at the mercy of slaves. Now, my stomach demands food.

I would have liked to know what Schopenhauer's daily rituals were. What did he eat to break his nightly fast? What did his neighbors think of him? The children mocked him.

So much has to be in place in order for me to be free to read, to study, to reflect. Without food, without oil for the machinery keeping this world churning, there would be no energy for philosophy.

Philosophy does not cease just because one lacks energy or means to scribble. What kind of reading would I be able to engage in were tanks coming down the road and soldiers kicking down my door? Do we reach a point where we become so aware of the nature of consciousness and lifeworlds that we are even able to "catch ourselves in the act of mistaking appearance for reality"?

X

Unlike Schopenhauer, Husserl, and other scholars who have become my mentors, I will expose the reader to my every-day existence, including the fact that I'll be eating ground beef for breakfast.

0.
X

And so I nap like a cat from 11AM to 1:30 PM...
I eat leftover spinach, peas, onion, black-eyed peas.
A bowl revives my energies, but I take it slow.
Maybe I'll see if I can get some reading
in at the library before spending the \$4 change I
have saved on a pouch of TDP tobacco.

0.
X

Seven years since gortbusters.org was launched.
Three years since gortbusters.org was killed,
No more whywork.org... These forums
served the purpose of showing just how
profoundly disinterested most people in our mass
society are in what occupies my
thoughts. Is this not similar to how
everyone flooded Hegel's lectures and
nobody showed up for Schopenhauer's?
That we did not inspire a social
improvement is no surprise. I feel that
the website experiment ~~is~~ has failed, but
that this very failing (to attract gorts)
yields important information: This is
a wholly subjective enterprise,
this process of "speculating". My companions
are writers, other philosophers, other hermits.

X

Both Schopenhauer and Hitchens paint a sad and horrifying picture of Islam. The Koran has inspired more genocide than Hitler's Main Kampf.

And ~~yet~~ Carl Jung ~~called~~ compared Hitler to Muhammad. There you have it. Forces move through individuals in time.

X

The reason "gort busters" are not a social movement or anarchist organization is because ~~any~~ such groups defeat the very spirit they claim to represent. There is no way for spooks to infiltrate the heart. When the gort buster is firmly on solid ground at the control panel of consciousness, it is impossible for a ~~gort~~ society of gorts to infiltrate. Many forces battle for hearts and ~~and~~ minds. What are hearts and minds?

BRAINS. Forces are out to win brains. How does one own one's own brain? One thinks as Existence-in-itself.

Hitchens is doing what Schopenhauer would do: calling out the charlatans. I owe Schopenhauer a great deal. I could have gotten lost in Hegel's dialectical abominations! Likewise, many would-be Muslims, Jehovah-Witnesses, and others may be saved from the poison of religion by Hitchens in our era.

Schopenhauer and Hitchens are Lost Bats, Warriors. I think Schopenhauer would have raised an eyebrow at Ricoeur and applauded Hitchens.

Chapters 5 to 9 of god is not great sound right up my alley:

5. The Metaphysical Claims of Religion are False
6. Arguments From Design
7. Revelation: The Nightmare of the "Old" Testament
8. The "New" Testament Exceeds the Evil of the "Old" One
9. The Koran is Borrowed from Both Jewish and Christian Myths

This stimulates my BRAIN. No need for me to express my opinions on the Islamic Community center. And yet, with all the politicians the President paying deference to religious tolerance, shouldn't someone point out the wretchedness of the Koran?

Of course, I would have to remind the reader of
the evil of both the Old and New Testaments of
the Judeo-Christian tradition.

More cognitive dissonance: I am demystified
that two leaders of social movements who
I admire, Martin Luther King Jr. and
Malcolm X, are each poisoned by religion,
Judeo-Christianity and Islam, respectively.

Christopher Marlowe warned us of the lies that
hide behind the religions.

X killed by his own Islamic "brothers".
MLK killed by his own Judeo-Christian
government.

I shall leave notebook in apartment and walk with
the book, god is not great, on this Sunday
morning.

I went "fishin' with the seagulls" this morning,
rising early to shake the Beast of the Apocalypse,
George. I paced with the seagulls, reading
Hitchens. Meanwhile I pointed out hot spots

Of course, I would have to remind the reader of
the evil of both the Old and New Testaments of
the Judeo-Christian tradition.

More cognitive dissonance: I am demystified
that two leaders of social movements who
I admire, Martin Luther King Jr. and
Malcolm X, are each poisoned by religion,
Judeo-Christianity and Islam, respectively.

Christopher Marlowe warned us of the lies that
hide behind the religions.

X killed by his own Islamic "brothers".
MLK killed by his own Judeo-Christian
government.

I shall leave notebook in apartment and walk with
the book, god is not great, on this Sunday
morning.

I went "fishin' with the seagulls" this morning,
rising early to shake the Beast of the Apocalypse,
George. I paced with the seagulls, reading
Hitchens. Meanwhile I pointed out hot spots

I proved to be quite a miraculous fishes King.
MIRACLE MIKE. Oh no. ~~God help us.~~
god save us.

This was quite an extraordinary event this morning. There had to have been some witnesses. Maybe I may become a local legend among the seagulls themselves.

Maybe the seagulls and crows know me.
The way J R Chesapeake know me?



Am I the genuine "KID ROCK"?

All this coffee I throw at "George" - I do know the VALUE of it, but the time he robs from me is beyond measure. I'm afraid I may have to begin ignoring him while he chatters about his money and cigarettes or, when I just want to be left alone to enjoy the grandeur of my Being, give him cold coffee at the door.

King.

I want to savor the reading of Hitchens's god
is not great. I may read it down by the
seagulls while pacing. My yoke is easy. It is
"the Last Sunday" after all. It is
good not to WANT. Of course. The feeling
of the cup overflowing is simply contentment with
momentary absence of want... as life itself is
in a natural state of want. This is how the
will operates, through necessity at first, but then
twisted by agencies who study the craft of
engineering human populations.

The sense of lack is manufactured in order to
create the condition of depression among the
masses, since depressed populations are generally
more docile and manageable. Give the idiots
something to grumble about, that they are
denied access to...

I don't need cable TV.

I don't need TV or DVD or Hollywood.

Vonnegut had a voice. J.D. Salinger had a voice.
We all have a voice. It's the one at the base
of our brains with attitude, the Old Devil Himself...
Say hello to the source of mythology and the
material of all phenomenology and ontology.

I don't need psychiatric medication.
I don't need beer, or not even no Henery
I want to be free, to be me
and to do it cheaply
What I mean is inexpensively.

You all up in the penthouse, counting your gold
I'm feedin' seagulls clams, penniless and bold
You answer to your managers,
I never do what I am told
I just can't be bought or sold

I like instant coffee, peanut butter and jelly
My sneakers are always clean
but my socks are always smelly

X

I really do enjoy peanut butter and jelly on wheat bread.
And a dark instant coffee, in the spirit of
Yard' Out University, makes me feel like the protagonist
of an existentialist science-fiction masterpiece.
No I want to travel to Freehold today?
Nah! Matawan? Nah, Nah, Nah! I
No I want to walk to store? Nah.
No I want to shower? No. Eat? No.
Listen to radio? No. Read Hitchens? YES.



Old Testament: about propertied class, how to buy and sell slaves, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" (warrant for Christians to burn women who did not conform);

" One mutters a few sympathetic words for the forgotten and obliterated Hivites, Canaanites, and Hittites, also ~~and~~ presumably part of the Lord's original creation, who are to be pitilessly driven out of their homes to make room for the ungrateful and mutinous children of Israel. (This supposed "covenant" is the basis for a nineteenth century irredentist claim to Palestine that has brought us endless trouble up to the present day.) " ~ Hitchens



The sunlight that comes through these windows is so very much appreciated by me.

Best cereal I ever had I got in a sack from the food pantry at Trinity on Asbury Ave on a Tuesday: BEAR NAKED cranberry raisin (wheat and rice flakes, raisins, sunflower seeds, cranberries, pepitas, apples) Bear Naked Inc La Jolla, CA 92037

18
How relaxed I am writing my memoirs while chewing on a snack of granola cereal. Much permissionless joy and abundant delight in the ~~or~~ Being-in-itself.

Having finally come to the conclusion that most people I don't have a clue what is really going on as far as the true nature of reality goes, I now trust my own judgment.

Existence-in-itself eats food, sleeps, smokes tobacco. Sometimes Existence-in-itself gets drunk.

Lately I've been drinking dark coffee. Lots of it. I never used to hear voices. Now I hear lots of voices. Hellman's ones who taunt me into ridiculous laughter until I gain composure. Usually I will be in public laughing by myself. This is highly suspicious behavior. Nowadays, so many people are attached to a telephone.

Today I have hidden from the Beast of the Apocalypse, laying down lazy, dead to the pompous world. Who needs it? Charlotte has a lingering fragrance that gives me a rise. It would not take much for a sexual encounter to ensue.

X

With regard to the Old Testament, what of the supreme guide and wrathful tyrant? Perhaps he was made in the image of the patriarchal priesthood of rabbis who created the stories.

X

The god of the Old Testament is to be avoided, a ghostly emanation from sick minds.

Those who warned us were silenced. Their accounts were banned and denounced as heretical because Christianity is nothing if it is not a vindication and completion of the evil story in the Old Testament.

It is fitting that this notebook be yellow as this is the color of the jacket/cover of god is not great: How Religion Poisons Everything by Hitchens.

X

It is so beautiful up in the privacy of this eagle's nest that I am not inclined to sit by the ocean where I would be a spectacle for the gulls to gawk at as I preach my sermon to the seagulls before "The Breaking of the Clam".

88
X
I can begin to eat peanut butter (and even with jelly) sandwiches more often. Use good wheat bread.

Drink ice water from tap. Live easy.

I shall walk down to the ocean, leaving all books and notebooks behind. I have read Job 5-9 in God is not great and want the ideas to stew with the swamp of Schopenhauerian Cioranesque pessimism and cynicism.

All I can do is sit back in awe of my own "coming to conclusions." It is difficult for me to tear myself from my domicile without notebook and book, but I want to walk my prayer.



"almost 7 PM"

Shall I walk down again to the ocean after having eaten meal, drank coffee, and smoked? The sun sets soon. One day archaeologists will see how true of us diagnosed with "mental illness" are displaying a more "natural" response to the gravity of the stresses human life is under on this planet at the moment.

The crazy people are the most sane!
Paradox. Nothing that is so, is so!

How the Steppenwolf loves Häagen-Rozs Coffee and Chocolate ice cream. This is why I write for myself. I want to know what the will desires.

Chocolate ice cream. Rich dark coffee. Cinnamon and sugar on pancakes. Where do we draw the line between the human and the goat?

What part of me loves ice cream? What part of me wants coffee when it wakes up? What part of me purrs when stretched out napping without a care in the world?



6 September 2010 Mon.

(2:15 AM) Two days ago I also was wide awake at 0200.

I am connected to this civilization. I am among the superfluous. What if, in the future, people will be more anxious, stressed out, and generally not in the "mood" to suffer "meditations" or "ontological speculations"?

I am not attached to anything I write. Schopenhauer paid to have his work published out of his own pocket (from inheritance). This is a rare blessing, one which few appreciate.

After all is said and done, my scribbles contain so much madness and confusion, but the trail I am following is consistent throughout my life.

X

Is philosophy merely to be consolation or shall it
be used to reveal to us information about
the nature of the human experience?

Just because I am born into the same
"world" as everyone else does not mean my "response"
to ~~being~~ passing through "the system" will
be the same as most peoples'.

To sit back and observe "the world," one
begins and ends with one's perceptions of their
immediate environment. The world I live
in is a manufactured metropolis. I exist
on its fringes. I have stepped outside
the role of factory-ant, slave,
worker, and have become a "parasite".

Human existence seems most meaningful
when one is free to inspect the contents
of their own minds without being thrown
into the chaos of human industry.
Who is paying attention?
How many are hypnotized?

Who will explain reality to the masses?
I am not the masses; and yet the masses
are, underneath, on an individual level
experiencing the same environments and crises.

What is the value of facing the human condition head on, grabbing the bull by the horns, joining the original thinkers, and making observations of our own about "life," "reality," and "the consolation of philosophy?"

Well, we can shed the skin of our previous condition of various degrees of ignorance and proceed with more caution now. The feeling that one is living a lie is still a truth! And it is a valuable truth.

Why waste our lives living in vain?
To live in order to make an impression in the "minds" of others is to live in vain. Each creature is justified in doing whatever it does. Do what you will. Even the hypnotized masses. There is no cure for the stupidity of the masses. There is the illusion of some kind of system, order, control, but in reality we are sentient life forms on the thin film upon the crust of a planet. Beneath the surface are powerful forces that could destroy all life on the planet. Hence, we are cosmic animals. Our freedom is in our philosophical detachment.

We can stand back and make observations.
We can speculate. We can process the
experience. We cannot save any other
creature from the burden of finding meaning
in any of this.

Schopenhauer could publish his work,
but he can not force the world to
study it. Much less can he hope
to force understanding.

Even with his entire philosophy
set down, Schopenhauer did not escape
the human condition. What he did
do is eliminate as much confusion as
he could. He focused on the
problem of existence itself, bringing
attention to the universal misery inherent
in life processes.

We come face to face with the absurd.
We see ~~as~~ ourselves in the light of our
ridiculous and perilous predicament. Whatever
we are able to figure out about this life
we incorporate such knowledge into our
ever present Being-in-the-world. That most
of our insights must be incommunicable
makes the transfer of "wisdom" from one
creature to another quite problematic.

We each try to "get through life." We try to "keep our lives together." How much of reality can we handle? If all my thinking has led me to anxiety, despair, and even depression, are people better off living in ignorance?

What is sanity?

How does one keep one's "composure"? Is composure, equilibrium, and "calmness" an automatic consequence of wisdom, understanding, and knowledge?

Not necessarily. Knowledge brings disillusionment. Wisdom gives us insight into our own natures so that we might be able to live well; but all the wisdom in the world can't protect us from the events which shape our stories. There is a larger story playing itself out, the story of the species. All statements about our existence take on a comical air when seen from the perspective of eternity. Is this the fallacy of insignificance? Why are cathedrals designed to make the visitor feel insignificant?

Is it possible to stand up to mass-indoctrination?
If not for insomnia and the electric light,
what reflections and speculations and
meditations would be recorded?

If I need tobacco, coffee, a little herb,
pens, notebooks, great works of philosophy,
privacy, eggs, bread, electricity, to
find my mojo, then, not only is
my mojo very fragile and delicate,
but how can I hope to
"preach a gospel leading to salvation"?

Well, my gospel does not lead to salvation,
but to madness, to disillusionment,
to the depths of utter despair, to
the core, to the roots of our
perilous predicament in finding ourselves
Being-in-the-world.

It's one grand acid trip. Bad chemicals from
the start. What may not be necessary yet
remain enticing to the human experience -
as a species - is dialogue or even rhetoric
concerning this experience. Subjective confessions
of the phenomenology of the will in Our Being in

order to foster a spirit of continuity in the ever-present "life force" itself, with all its shifting and mutating. There is a "spirit" - of a Presence of Mind in these spurts of human expression, amidst the machinery and "industry". There is an inner life.

Chemicals in brains form images and produce emotions to regulate behaviors. We each are on our journeys alone. There comes a time point when one stops trying to help others make sense of the human experience, and dives into a private exploration, where wisdom from experiences are "methodologized" and put into practice. This need not be verbalized into a discipline, but may occur on unconscious levels, where past experience accumulates knowledge and automatically revises, updates, and reboots the I Worldview Constructor.

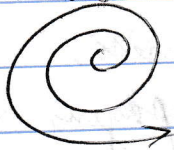
If I am going to write, I had better remain content I to write to "the future". This is, I think, the "spirit" in which Schopenhauer wrote. He knew he was in possession of something rare - his own genius.

19
It can be quite an intense experience
taking on the worldview of that creature.
What would he think of our current state?
What do I think? Well, who really
cares what I think but me? And I
why should they?

Is the stream of consciousness, including
commentary on literature being explored,
so interesting that it must be
recorded? As Dostoyevsky's character,
from Notes From Underground, says, "Why
not just reflect mentally? Why bother
writing anything down?"

The Underground Man said he preferred to jot
thoughts down so that he could better
critique his "style", so he could go
over and reflect upon his thoughts,
thereby improving or mastering, or
discovering his style, his
core, his ATTITUDE. J.P. Salinger
insults the intelligence of the reader by
"playing dumb". I, in the spirit of Ignatius
Reilly, prefer to exert all my strength.

I reach for the stars, knowing intuitively that there exist and will continue to exist word-smiths and librarians and accidental archeologists



I do understand how crucial and primary is the importance of attention, what consciousness focuses on. In order to be "receptive" to the "life world" of Schopenhauer's intelligence, one has to be focused.

After Hitchens's god is not great, I will devote myself to "the master phenomenologist," SCHOPENHAUER. god is not great is a delightful little read, candy for the brain. So, for today, I put one text aside (NWR2), and I continue to digest Hitchens - another genius. Hitchens confirms Schopenhauer's views on religion (especially Judaism & Islam). He also offers an extraordinarily rarely voiced opinion of actor Mel Gibson as an Australian fascist, a member of an elite order of Catholics who are fanatical in their "faith".

Without cable TV, movies, compact discs, cassettes,
I have more of the vital ingredient -
attention, consciousness. So many distractions
keeping us from paying attention to the
contents of our heart's desires and
predicaments.

Numerology. Dream Symbols while awake.
I pick up Cioran's The Trouble With Being
Born to read a few aphorisms; and
realizing I have been awake since 2 AM
insomniacking it, I checked time: 4:44 AM.
Numerology.

Utilization of Materials: Hagen Dazs ice cream
containers can be used as coffee cup
containers keeping coffee hot outdoors!

Let's be clear on this. All philosophy, religion,
and science are attempts by a species of chimpanzees
to explain existence.

We are chimpanzees as individuals. As a species, are we some kind of cancer? What if all the myths, science, and philosophy influence HOW WE PERCEIVE and EXPERIENCE the world that we actually don't ~~perceive~~ perceive ourselves clearly?

X

While I am determined to get into WWR2 after finishing my exploration of god is not great, I am also considering reading Dostoyevsky's Brothers Karamazov ... Actually, I will attempt to focus on WWR2. Once The German Genius arrives, I will be "torn."

I am at once outside academic philosophy and at the center of it as the ignored spearhead of human thought. I'm a character. Time. There are lots of "characters." There is a thin-line between "drunken and disorderly" and "the pensive scholar." I walk a razor's edge. To be free of delusion, free of illusion, to see things as they really are, I take care not to become inebriated. There is only NOW. There is consciousness of our world. When we reach for oblivion, we do not fathom to what extent we are sabotaging our own well-being.

20
The treasure of consciousness is in ^{its} application,
not in its stultification. Do Schopenhauer
and Buddhism and Hinduism also poison
existence? I will reserve this forbidden
thought in the depths of my consciousness,
or perhaps even unconsciously as I
explore WWR2.

On this intellectual journey Existence-in-Itself
is my greatest guide. I have other guides
as well. Obscure texts, such as
Madness & Modernism, Madness & Writing,
The Cioran Collection. No, I'm in no rush
to exhaust the Ashbury Park Public Library
this autumn. I intend to focus on
my own little collection - and a
few choice texts at that.

I advocate free thought and unrestricted inquiry.
I refuse to give assent to any dogma.
All I really KNOW is the extent of
my own ignorance. This is, after all, still the
best definition of an educated person:
one who knows the extent of their own
ignorance. How much we don't know!

Philosophy begins where religion ends.
 Schopenhauer says philosophy is the metaphysics of the few, whereas religion is the metaphysics of the masses.

The study of literature, both for its own sake and for the eternal ethical questions with which it deals, can now easily depose the sentiment of sacred texts that have been found to be corrupt and confected.

What is the "consolation" of philosophy?
 To KNOW THYSELF.

To clear the mind for the project of KNOWING reality, it has become necessary to KNOW THE ENEMY, and to prepare to fight it.

"The enemy of knowledge is religion. Only a monster can allow himself the luxury of seeing things as they are," said Cicero. The "monster" is Existence-in-Itself, the will, the things-in-themselves. Very few thinkers are worthy of my attention. I focus on primarily 3 thinkers =

79
Schopenhauer, Cioran, Merleau-Ponty.
I am also somewhat interested in the work of
cognitive scientist, Antonio Damasio, from my
reading of Owen Flanagan's The Problem
of the Soul.

The book is called The Feeling of What Happens
(Body and Emotion in the Making of Consciousness).

I am, of course, passionate about the brain.
In addition to Cioran and Schopenhauer,
I may continue my exploration of Merleau-Ponty,
taking my signal from David Abram.

The text: Phenomenology of Perception

As for Damasio's work, it is a neurobiological
account of the self. This is the lifeworld
I am attempting to KNOW.

I am drawn to those books which have an
effect on my experience of myself...
enabling me to see with new eyes.
So I am into these very BRAINY,
intellectual books... philosophy, phenomenology,
cognitive science... I have Cioran to fall back on.

Surely, Schopenhauer would dig Neurobiological accounts of "the self".

What Schopenhauer calls Idea or Representation is image, neural pattern, internal map. Mps, perhaps I best remember the name Antonio Damasio.

The question I have to ask is this: Will reading Damasio's work distract me from my study of Schopenhauer's WWR2 or supplement that study?

It is good to read these texts simultaneously. Maybe even sections at a time, alternating.

I do not read for amusement or entertainment, but to learn. Of course, once The German Genius arrives, I will incorporate it into my "studies". I can tackle challenging works in science and philosophy now that I'm not tanked every day. There's no need to write a novel.

My philosophical diary is literature - I am the philosopher disguised as a madman, par excellence!

A little reading, a little mapping.
To know... what does it mean to know?
WHAT is the nature of that which knows?

What is the relationship between the knower and the known? When we deeply speculate on such matters, we are in "Schopenhauer's orbit," in the ~~realm~~ phenomenological realm of metacognition. We are thinking about the very nature of thinking.

Existence-in-Itself wondrous at itself.

Why does it take so long to get through "deep" texts? Because we have to pause in order to digest the contents.

When we are speculating on ontological concepts, such as the problem of knowledge (epistemology); we confront mysterious concepts such as self (the I) which are problematic.

Not many thinkers are "coming from" such a deep, thoughtful, philosophical perspective. Hence, the solitary nature of intellectual pursuits. We all share the human experience, but individualities determine the STYLE / SPIRIT of one's RESPONSE.

I DON'T EXIST

How does the brain engender a sense of self in the act of knowing? There is no homunculus creature who is in charge of knowing.

There is no homunculus, either metaphysical or in the brain, sitting in the Cartesian theater as an audience of one. The Problem of the Soul is The Problem of the Self. I will explore a biological perspective of the problem of the self.

I am haunted by Albert Camus' The Myth of Sisyphus, where he says the fundamental problem of philosophy is whether or not life is worth living or not.

The Damascios and the Merleau-Ponty's or Husserls reflect this burning issue.

Philosophy for the heart, I to summon a mood of awe and wonder. not to be tangled in a web of abstractions.

I will give Damasio and cognitive neuroscience a chance, but I really feel compelled to return to "the Master Phenomenologist".

{ + }

I DON'T EXIST

The nature of Being demands a knower and a known. Will & Representation of Existence-in-Itself. "Neuroscience" can help "me" a great deal to understand the HOW IT IS of Existence; but not THAT IT IS.

Yes, it is all quite wonderfully complicated HOW IT IS fine come to exist, and how it is there is a knower and a known; but THAT there is a knower, and that this knower is ME; and that what is KNOWN is highly suspect due to the nature of appearance, mental representation, and the self-constructing mechanisms of sentient lifeforms for "mapping out" its environs.

Devoting one's consciousness to a text is a serious matter. Just because an author is a scientist writing as a medical doctor does not imply his world-view will be grander than 19th century Schopenhauer's.

Seeing the world through Schopenhauer's understanding is truly a cosmic voyage to a timeless dimension that surpasses "scientific discoveries." Slim pickings for master phenomenologists. Schopenhauer and Cioran are worth devoting my attention to. It is this style I wish to emulate.

At the same time, I acknowledge that, were either Cioran or Schopenhauer to be born into our current social environment, they would each be diagnosed with severe cases of chemical imbalance and genetic disposal toward emotional fits and passions, as well as a morbid philosophy.

Surely there would be no place in American Idol or reality TV for a Schopenhauer, Cioran, or Dostoyevsky. Holed up in a cheap loft scribbling, drinking strong coffee, chain-smoking (in my case), engaged in writing I am accidental philosophical masterpiece, putting pieces of the puzzle together with an original style all my own.

It is only around noon on a "holiday," but every day is such a holy day for me. I am a living Ignatius Reilly, a Martin Dean in the flesh - & the real deal.

I have served in, and have been in the process of serving in on for years, this interesting character Arthur Schopenhauer - as well as Cioran as an example of the consequences.

Perhaps what these thinkers did was to lead by example. Bring the reader into your brain. Curse the reader with the burden of your consciousness!

Impose your attitude upon the reader.

Perhaps one of the consequences of focusing my attention on the rare authors (philosophers, thinkers) I am DRAWN TO in that I might develop some of the style of my great mentors. Both Schopenhauer and Cioran were Fort Baster Warriors, master phenomenologists.

Such independent thinkers are our heroes.

Note: The very first chapter of Damasio's text put forth the problem of the knower and the known. I am at p. 220 in WWR2. By p. 225, Schopenhauer explains that our true nature can't be grounded in a "knower" (and willing a mere result of knowledge).

The knower is the intellect, that which refers to itself as "I" and refers to the representation of "its" animal body as "my" and "mine".

This knower-of-the-known is a universal quality in the process of knowing. There will be time enough to look for solutions and metaphors and explanations in cognitive science, specifically Damasio, but, for now, I find it ironic, absurd, and inspiring that Schopenhauer be so on-point and have in his possession a worldview which foresees the pseudosciences of Freud, Husserl, and Neuroscience — all claiming to be monumental breakthroughs in cosmology and how we experience ourselves.

I see more wisdom in the arc than the straight line. Where Schopenhauer was "coming from", where Giordano was "at", this is what I seek in philosophy: KNOWLEDGE.

102
Technical knowledge does not necessarily help
me or enhance the human experience.

Schopenhauer's mother might say her son
knew a great deal but did not
know how to be human.

Perhaps, in order to see clearly the
human condition, Schopenhauer had to
become non-human - in Cioran's words,
"Only a monster can allow himself the luxury
of seeing things as they are."

What better "What now?" or "What's next?"
after eliminating the need for a god, to eliminate
the need for a self?

Who is this "I"?

Where is this "I" if not the body itself?
Isn't it more important to arrive at ~~the~~ a similar
attitude, consciousness, and presence of mind
that Morlaix-Lonty displayed than to commit
oneself to his writings? When I read
philosophers, I explore their "I".

I find Schopenhauer's "I" at once balancin' and awe-inspiring. In the process of reading Schopenhauer, one's experience of oneself changes. What we choose to devote our attention to has a profound effect on our experience-of-ourselves.

X

Do I dare venture down to the ocean with The World As Will and Representation, Volume 2?

This work is the best "operator's manual for Being-in-the-world" I know of. We truly are cosmic animals, and intelligence such as Schopenhauer displays is rare. Twilight Zone rare.

Rare, as in, must have been the source of all the pseudo-science of Germany in the 20th century, from psychoanalysis to phenomenology!

It takes the intellectual integrity of a Mike Hentrich to settle the score. The Hentrich Hypothesis shall be as follows: "Arthur Schopenhauer was a freak of Nature who left mankind with an awe-inspiring new of the human experience."

If I had to choose ONE BOOK, there would be no contest. If I had to choose which volume — VOLUME TWO. One only has so many days to live.

If the intellect is in service of the will, then our adversities may make us more intelligent. Black America is not surprised by "9/11". Black America is not surprised by "Katrina". Perhaps hardships have made certain strains of our species more intelligent than those pampered princes and princesses living sheltered lives of the rich and famous, who have become stupid from having their wills satiated.

It is almost common knowledge that a dictionary alone, in the hands of a frustrated prisoner, can awaken in the human being a demand for answers to questions involving the very nature of his incarceration itself.

The Will summons the intellect to work.

X

When I stubbornly return to Schopenhauer, resisting the compulsion to explore cognitive science or read for amusement, the intellect is requesting that the Will assist it in understanding WTF ^{is} going on.

Many of the most powerful "worldview-enhancing" sources are hidden in the way Schopenhauer describes things: "An examination of ourselves gives us an opportunity for finer observations..."

Examining ourselves is phenomenology.

Greek philosophers → "Know thyself."

finer observations — this is what Schopenhauer offers; finer as in "more into the inner kernel" of things as they are "in themselves"; as the ever elusive "I".

Could even Hesse's "Steppenwolf", Harry Haller reflect "the world as will and representation"?

The wolf is clearly the will.

The man is the intellect.

Even "Rational Recovery" with its "Addictive Voice Recognition Technique", where the will's desire for vibration is called "the Beast," and "the I" (of the neo-cortex) actually attempts to assert conscious control over the reptilian subcortex, is clearly Schopenhauerian (predating, of course, Freud's id and ego).

The story goes that Nietzsche hardly slept while first reading WWR. He was forever inspired to explore his condition. At least Nietzsche acknowledges S.

On p. 226 of WWRZ, Schopenhauer gives insight into how the managers and engineers of human societies suppress knowledge:

"If anyone makes his mark among us, let him go and do so elsewhere."

"Among quartzes the diamond is outlawed."

"For certain persons a man of mind is a more odious creature than the most pronounced rogue."

p. 228

"Great mental superiority isolates a person more than does anything else, and makes him hated, at any rate secretly." ~ S

If the "I" is anything, it is the intellect, the tool of the will. The will is man. The intellect the will's tool.

Genius is its own reward. It is genius to discover the path of non-action, to satisfy basic physical needs. Even higher metaphysical needs are satisfied as I have the leisure to really know what interests me.

If it were just George of 7th Avenue or the people I was grouped with at CPC in Aberdeen, or the people of tent city, or my own family, I would think maybe my intellect and will are slightly rare; but also at Rutgers University. I excelled intellectually, and yet there was something aggressive about the will. Passion is intensified by a highly developed intellect.

If genius is its own reward then all I need is to be left alone. This is impossible in jail or day programs or employment. It is nearly impossible here, where I currently live as well as wherever else I've lived, even as far back as The Tank House. Where will I end up next year, 2011?

Red Bank? Am I prepared for that?

If I no longer get drunk, what could be the problem? No woods. No ocean.

Just free lunch everyday and 3 hours at the library each day.

I will consider Red Bank. I could always meet Mom in Freehold. Alas, I have court on the horizon and the potential to lose apartment and section 8 altogether. I could get railroaded.

X

Schopenhauer writes about matters of the heart, and I suspect, not just the human heart, but the heart of all existence itself. Schopenhauer's own goodness of heart and compassion for all creatures comes across in his reflections. I imagine his mother, who did not communicate with him for the last 25 years of her life, may have been a superficial aristocrat and social butterfly. She found her son a bore, too "deep".

Yes, yes, and so it goes.

My mother and I retain a strong bond based on our wills, yes; but, as for the intellect, even this, what sensitivity I do possess she helped to nurture as best she could, encouraging me to use but conceal my natural "gifts".

Our characters, the goodness of our hearts, is what bonds my mother and I.

the heart → the will
the head → the intellect

What part of me laughs hysterically when it hears George complain that all I've been doing is reading all day, that he wants to sit in my left with me? The heart laughs at the cleverness of the head?

We must never forget we are chimpanzees. It has been settled that man created god in his own image. Perhaps man is only an idea in chimpanzee's "head." Unlike Schopenhauer, and more like Cioran, I don't entertain any delusions about a Buddhistic system that can save us from our own "minds." Mind is an abstraction for the pain the body has endured, that knowledge-base of memory and imagination.

Also, like Cioran, I am not long winded; and, like Vonnegut, I am quite 'stupid' as far as geniuses go. Also, my living arrangements are unique to me, but I imagine my lifestyle in general to closer emulate Cioran than Schopenhauer, who was clearly spared brushing elbows with the finges of mass-society.

is

It / my exposure to and encounters with
"the people" which distinguish me
from my "master". What I lack
in intellect I make up in personality,
character, will, heart.

I am more Schopenhauerian than Cioran.
I am more like Cioran than like Schopenhauer.
I am more Cioran than Cioran is.
I am not nearly as Schopenhauer as Schopenhauer
is.

So where in this chain of metaphysical
chimpanzees do I belong?

I literally lock myself in my apartment
hiding from a creature who speaks endlessly
about his money, cigarettes, and beer, as
he sneezes, drools, and drops shit in
my toilet - begging for coffee every hour
starting bright and early at 7AM.

In the midst of this the genius knows it
will be forced at times to flee the four walls
of the apartment and head out to the shore
for seclusion!

In a very "science fiction" kind of way, George the Beast of the Apocalypse as well as I could be viewed as MIND PARASITES quite easily, especially George with his constant ~~dist~~ disruption of my speculations. Ah, but what of it?

Compared to many I am a mad scientist. Not many brains can devote themselves to WWR. It demands a rare intelligence, one that I clearly possess as I have an almost religious fascination with the man. And I do not use the word "religious" lightly.

I believe my understanding of Schopenhauer's rhetoric arms me with a deep arsenal of psychological tools which make me quite an extraordinary chimpanzee, in deed.

What part of the story is it that, on the very day I break through and return to WWR2, I have to escape to the ocean in order to get away from apartment which keeps getting invaded by a coffee guzzling beast who is determined to make me fight for my privacy? I've been rising in the middle of the night. This is why I have made such progress.

X

A certain feeling of the time relation between will, intellect, and life is expressed in the Latin language. The intellect is mens, the will is animus. Anima is life itself, the breath, but animus is the life-giving principle, and at the same time the will, the subject of inclinations, longings, purposes, passions, and emotions. " ~ S

The identity of a person is to be found in the heart, not in the head.

X

It is quite accurate for me to identify "George" as a mind parasite, the same way I identified Len of CPC as one. George continually interrupts when I am on the verge of insights or actually in the midst of coming to conclusions. Also, he asked me when the last time was that I had a drink. In his mind/heart/will, which he is unable to hide from my apparatus, may in deed miss the way I would run to the store for beer. He realizes something drastic has occurred. So do I.

Blessed with an appreciation for this freedom from the snares of alcohol-addiction, I make the most of it by abandoning the premises in order to protect the one man I think Tank that I am.

There was an easy way to defeat the mind parasites then; but later he will again knock loudly and rudely on my door. He knows no sense of "space" using his cognitive impairments as an excuse for general lack of respect.

Intellect is in deed the tool of the will.
The head serves the heart - true.
And, ~~this~~ it follows that my intellect, this "I" knows of what is known, serve the will of the creature.

Hell is other people. To dislike one's own species... Worse still, to dislike one's own species on account of introspection, i.e., knowledge of one's true nature. I try to show compassion and hospitality, ~~but~~ but my patience has a limit. This coffee monster is also a tobacco fiend! To hate the fucker would be cruel. Understanding his simple & vulgar motives disgusts me...

X

Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am."

Schopenhauer said, "The world is my representation."

Hentrich says, "I don't exist."

X

I do not exist, nor have I ever existed as anything, or anyone. I am a voice in your head. Who's head? Yours. Who is yours?

I don't exist, I am the voices in the head.

the head as opposed to your head.

This makes a difference?

I do not exist. Appearance is Nature revealing itself. I am a point in the sphere of Being, where the world is only what I possibly know by this point which forms a sphere with its sensory apparatus.

X^o

domicile

Since head serves heart, and since heart treasures solitude and privacy, head will have to figure out ways of protecting the sanctuary of my ~~desire~~. This Creature becomes increasingly lazy over since coming to appreciate the paradise it experiences in comparison to country jail life.

Even for coffee, pens, notebooks, and libraries alone, not to mention walks in the open air, it is worth not disturbing the peace, not drawing attention to myself, not acting out.

A walk to the corner store for milk and ice cream seems an appropriate ritual considering I used to get 12-packs of beer and cheap vodka. Now, besides having the treat to ice cream and fresh milk in coffee, the absence of the incubation opens a new encounter with Being-in-the-world, one in which the chimpanzee comes to terms with the fact that its guess is as good as anyone else's, but that most likely, everyone was completely wrong - way off.

This is what I mean by being a cosmic animal or being an original thinker. Allowing the I child, the will, the inner kernel do the demanding. It means that we find ourselves in the precarious position of being sentient life-forms, conscious of being alive I, wondering what the purpose is.

Well, I have no patience for those who have not done serious thinking about the human condition. By serious I do not mean lacking in humor and a sense of the absurd.

Alone, with the cool breeze flowing through the 7 open windows, the will is undisturbed, content. The passions are not aroused. This is its nest, its cave. This is the real life of the creature, not as philosopher, heretic, or intellectual rebel, but as caveman, apeman, chimpanzee with a pen ...

The chimpanzee will treat itself to icecream and milk tonight, for abstaining from alcoholic inebriation. Not only I this, but there exists a desire "to be seen". I see you. You see me. When I return I shall face my fate as a lone Schopenhauerian Phenomenologist.

©

7 September 2010 Tues

" The knowledge of the will in self-consciousness is not a perception of it, but an absolutely immediate awareness of its successive impulses or stirrings."

" The same thing that in inner immediate apprehension was grasped as will, ~~is~~^{is} perceptibly presented to this outwardly directed knowledge as organic body."

" The pain and comfort of this body are absolutely immediate affections of this will of itself."

The reason I am able to comprehend more of what I read of Schopenhauer in the early morning (upon awakening at 4AM) is because, after sleep the brain is freshly rested. That is why I did not mind studying Logic at 8AM on Saturday mornings at Rutgers in 2000. Nor did I mind, but actually treasured, studying Calculus on Saturday mornings at BCC back in 1995 when Mary was living with me at the Tank House.

©

7 September 2010 Tues

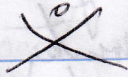
" The knowledge of the will in self-consciousness is not a perception of it, but an absolutely immediate awareness of its successive impulses or stirrings."

" The same thing that in inner immediate apprehension was grasped as will, ~~is~~^{is} perceptibly presented to this outwardly directed knowledge as organic body."

" The pain and comfort of this body are absolutely immediate affections of this will of itself."

The reason I am able to comprehend more of what I read of Schopenhauer in the early morning (upon awakening at 4AM) is because, after sleep the brain is freshly rested. That is why I did not mind studying Logic at 8AM on Saturday mornings at Rutgers in 2000. Nor did I mind, but actually treasured, studying Calculus on Saturday mornings at BCC back in 1995 when Mary was living with me at the Tank House.

This is being focused. As the brain becomes exhausted throughout the day, depression settles in, making metacognition less likely. The brain has its hands full dealing with feeding the organic body.



If anything is self, the will is self. What refers to itself as "I" in the consciousness of the Will is simply a reference to the organic body. This access (consciousness) to Being-in-the-world is a condition of experience, built in to the life processes themselves. The "I" is thought to be the knower, and yet it points to the self-consciousness of that which stirs as the will itself.

No fancy university lab is required for metacognition. It is not some 21st century breakthrough. It is the practice of thinking about the nature of thinking. What is a knower and how is the knower related to the known? It helps to not be watching TV when practicing metacognition. Phenomenology can also be identified as introspection.

Will I be re-reading Volume One of Schopenhauer's The World as Will & Representation after my exhaustive going through Volume Two?

Well, as my only major area of study this autumn and winter is WWR2, with a tangent area of study: THE GERMAN GENIUS.

I am not one of these Hollywood manufactured "Nazi soldiers" who thinks with mediocre intelligence and slave morality. I am of the original Germanic essence — the philosophical mind!

The dreamy poet in a cloud of tobacco smoke. This is more "Germanic" than wearing a uniform, saluting the ruler like a good slave/robot, and bullying the passive into submission.

What was the pre-industrial "character" of Nordic/Germanic (i.e., Aryan) strains of the species before the revolution in philosophy? What about US & British anti-Germanic propaganda?

What about institutionalized stupidity via schools and universities?

In the preface of WWR1: "Now one more word for the professors of philosophy. I have always felt compelled to admire, not only the sagacity, the correct and fine tact with which, immediately on its appearance, they recognized my philosophy as something quite different from, and indeed dangerous to, their own attempts — as something that did not suit their purpose, but [also the way in which they ignore and secret it]" ~ S

The professors of philosophy have suppressed what is of importance and significance. We must remember that nothing that is so, is so. Institutions are based on lies.

Outright lies. False hierarchies, salaries — a grand social theater right up to the highest paid politicians in Washington, D.C. Global Entertainment and live soldier, dead populations, and Pepsi Cola.

The truth is that Schopenhauer was ignored by academia but studied in secret, further psychoanalysis, phenomenology, etc.

Who has time to rise in the morning and devote attention to the powerful literature that is the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer?

Who has been called to drink from this cup?

Who is the true "Doctor" of Philosophy?

"The whole body is the will itself."

In the New York area there is a Caribbean Day Parade celebrating African heritage for the diaspora represented in those populations. There are other diasporas as well. How did the German Genies end up in North America? The will demands food. How many hungry wills!?!?

One among countless beings clamouring to be fed. Arriving and passing away.

oat breakfast: slice of wheat bread
corn bread saved from yesterday

Observe the body feed itself.

X

I imagine there are those who would complain, "If he would father children and have a wife to care for, he would not have time to go digging in the dirt for 'ignored' philosophers."

I don't just read books. I read my own scribbles. I read over what I have written. I read Schopenhauer with my blood.

"The whole nervous system constitutes the antennae of the will, which it extends and spreads inwards and outwards."

self-knowledge of the will → phenomena

The world is will. Representation is a consequence of the self-knowledge of the will. For twenty years I've had this copy of WWR2. Only now am I truly appreciating it. My brain has, as Schopenhauer rightly predicts, developed. The manner in which I behold WWR itself has confirmed my initial response to Schopenhauer's genius.

No other human being has opened up their interior worldview with such style as Schopenhauer. He must have been quite a character, putting Ignatius Reilly and Martin Dean to shame.

X

"I" as knower is the brain itself.

I don't exist. I am a tool of the body.
The body is "my identity," the phenomenon of the will.

WWRZ has become my MAGIC BOOK with the power to welcome me into a deeper experience of myself. Whereas Hesse's Steppenwolf may have suffered for intellectual criminals in the 1960's, my "cult bible" is the 2 volumed set of Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation.

The world is the will. I am the self-knowledge of the will, and therefore a phenomenon of the will. I am that which knows, and am some antennae-like phenomenon belonging to the will-itself so as to "feel" its way about the external world.

I have been quite patient with "George" this morning, but I still may head to the ocean just to experience the relief of having reached this point in my life where I not only know what interests me, but I know I have to aggressively seek solitude and privacy and leisure in order to STUDY IT.

Here I have this potential sanctuary, this secret ~~place~~ eagle's nest at 311 7th Avenue two blocks from the ocean, and I have to contend with George every day all day.

Am I a goddamned saint?

~~the~~



The whole is ultimately the will that itself becomes representation; it is the unity that we express by I.

In itself, as far as it represents, it is the will, for this is the real substratum of the whole phenomenon, its will-to-know objectifies itself as brain and 'brain-functions'.

~~How~~ The main motivation for my interest in Watson's The German Genius is to see if he can help shed some light on Schopenhauer's relation to the "inventive" psychoanalysis and phenomenology. or Why is Schopenhauer so ignored, and at the same time, such a profound influence?

The very failure of those his work influenced to mention his impact tells a sad tale about the real state of ontology today. One is on one's own. Academia is poisoned.

X

All that Schopenhauer ascribes to the will proper Bichat attributes to organic life, and all that Schopenhauer conceives as intellect is with Bichat the animal life.

For Bichat animal life has its seat only in the brain together with its appendages, and organic life in the whole of the rest of the organism.

X

"What can be more depressing, or rather more shocking, than to see the true and profound rejected, and the false and absurd praised and commended?" ~ S

X

Do my own scribbles have the potential to change the reader's experience of themselves?
To expose the reader to our worldview and let them peer out with our antennae!

What was it Gungahen wrote about Schopenhauer and the spice of the child? It is in one of my notebooks from Washington. Yes, the little green one.
The idiot papers book one - ground 0 *

* (This one is mysteriously MISSING. -H2015)

In literature, the role of madness is eminently philosophical.
In Nietzsche, the poet, the philosopher, and the madman
coincide.

Anti-Humanism. Nythamer de Oliveira from Brazil?
No, Olufemi Taiwo's: Exorcising Hegel's Ghost:
Africa's Challenge to Philosophy

Until we exorcise the ghost of Hegel, we will
continue to hatch the challenge that Africa
poses to philosophy!

Check the grid-notebook, book 2 of "The Idiot Papers".
That is where the Gympster quote on Schopenhauer is.
There is a magnetic force, a *qualita occulta*
behind the phenomenal world that influences

Chapter 2 is titled, "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung",
a text ignored by the masses, becomes my
holy book as I create a cult: The "Mephi"

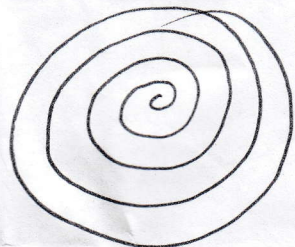
p. 17 of Idiot Papers, book 2:

"Children are the boldest philosophers. Like children,
like Schopenhauer, Dostoyevsky, Nietzsche, ask
'Why?' and 'What next?'"



"We have to think away the assistance of the intellect, if we wish to comprehend the true essence of the will-in-itself, and thus, as far as possible, to penetrate into nature's inner being." N S

To-exist-for-another is to-be-represented;
being-in-itself is to will.



It is a relief not to be looking for anything else to study. I am I content to focus on Schopenhauer. What story could compete with the world as experienced as it is, with mysterious boundaries which our feelers and antennae cannot breach? While TV and Hollywood offer cop cars chasing "bad guys" and soldiers doing the bidding of corporations, my personal intellectual adventure is a breath of fresh air.

I could drink coffee, scribble my notes, read my notes, study Schopenhauer & Ciaran every day and not get bored because the stimulation is mental; its source is within the will, not out there in the world. The insight Schopenhauer offers, for the price of a couple loaves, in comparison to what is offered at Universities throughout the world, is one of the world's secret treasures.

I have stumbled upon it
I have studied it for twenty years
in the midst of life's unfolding.

X

Reading through my notes from June from the county jail while drinking strong instant coffee and chewing on ~~corn~~ corn & bread, the chimpanzee (met) understands that its intelligence enables it to easily stay alive on social security and Section 8, allowing me to exist as the scholar I am with minimal exposure to gods and the brainwashed public.

133
X
song from county jail (7 June 2010)

I'm so dirty, can't kiss her on the mouth
That's why she says, "Mike,
you better go down South!"
I get so wild, now the jail's my house
And I get so hungry, I had to eat a mouse.

Out in the yard I still sing real loud
I'm just the type who stands out in a crowd
I'm going for a Ph D
in jail bird-ology

Out on Waterworks Road
at Freehold University

X
The divided, complex mind - capable of
seeing more than one side of a question and
reluctant to make a definite commitment
to any single position - has a
proclivity for ironic discourse.

On whether or not to publish anything
I write: man's tastes are so various, their
judgments so foolish, their minds so ungrateful,

HL Menken???

that there seems no point in publishing a book, even if it's intended for their advantage, that they will receive only with contempt and ingratitude. It's best to just follow one's own inclinations and ignore the vexing problems of publication. Most men know nothing of learning, anyway. Many despise learning! I enjoy my own writing more than anything else.

Next to me, lately, only Schopenhauer and Cioran. I don't waste time on pigshit. I prefer to stare into space.

How important is it for me to send Taltz's A Fraction of the Whole to Coleman in I-1?

Very. It's got "the manual" in it. The assassinations of professional athletes caught cheating will go over big. It will inspire a few laughs. Come on, if that is not a jailhouse classic, nothing is.

Other Jail House classics include the other two novels I just sent into I-1: A Confederacy of Dunces and Hocus Pocus. Perhaps I will have it shipped this month, A FRACTION OF THE WHOLE.

UNIQUE SPECIMEN A

8 September 2010 Wed

It is that feeling upon awakening, to be in a "mood," to feel the will and its passions. Some coffee or a cigarette to help keep the Thing-in-itself from becoming a problem to itself.

To not be in awe and in shock upon finding oneself alive and conscious seems more absurd than to be paralyzed with dread.

I suppose if one can fall asleep as early as possible, and if one embraces rising early so as to have a few hours of solitude and privacy with which to "get one's head together," then sleeping from 9PM to 3:30 AM is as good as 1AM to 7:30 AM.

Part of me refuses to be rudely awakened to serve the Beast coffee. How do I get into such predicaments? One could get an idea that we are in some kind of Hell. The anxiety is part of the way the will functions.

X

When we sleep, the brain re-energizes. Upon waking up, wouldn't this be an ideal time to put the deepest problems before consciousness for "speculations"?

Problems such as my "involvement" with the external world... I go about following my inclinations, keeping some of my most intense feelings subdued. I have found myself to exist and am quite curious about how this all is "wired". So this is the human experience, eh? What are we to make of this?

Don't bother asking anyone else for guidance. Most fools are completely lost, especially those who claim to have a firm handle on our predicament through contact with "God".

It's a highly complicated mess. That's what it is. Perhaps some literature would help the cosmic animal find its bearings. After all, I suspect this will would stay alive in its sleep if it could. It must need the brain for something else it would not have developed.

Surely there is an urgent need for this will to be able to survey and make some sense of its external realm.

921
Vision with eyes, ears, tactile sensations, smell, and understanding comes to fruition due to the activity of the senses which act as antennae, as feelers painting images (mental representations, maps) so that the-organism-as-a-whole-in-environments can function.

~~Seeing that~~ ~~no~~ amount of Schopenhauers seem to be able to penetrate the great wall of ignorance spread throughout the industrialized world. To have managed to scrape together the understanding I have in tact is quite a miracle. The forces that eat human spirits alive are quite active: soldiers, drug runners, prisons, courts, the big bad world of civilization with its representatives, the officers of the State there to deliver the "sinner" to the dungeon where he can starve go hungry with the rest of the downtrodden who have managed to get themselves warehoused on this prison planet.

How many others, trapped in these Things called human bodies, find themselves under surveillance or actually in a cage? What can one do in a cage? One still exists.

The nature of BEING HUMAN is drastically different in an institution than out. Constantly the guards are telling you what to do, barking orders! It's a madhouse, of course.

Rising at 03:30, making coffee, flicking on the lights and getting into the WWR2 is simply not an option in that parallel universe behind those walls on Waterworks Road.

Does one ever forget the awareness of these sewer systems with which living beings' lives are flushed into? How do they manage to "keep their heads together"?

PHILOSOPHY. Some kind of philosophy enables each to endure the predicament they find themselves in. It's one huge failed experiment, and there are casualties.

The President can not save us from his police forces. The President acts as if he is naive. He is the mouthpiece for a confederacy of corporations hiding behind a flag, using an army of soldiers and police to manage and control "events on the ground."

141
I would not "market" Schopenhauer's philosophy as a cure for the downward spiral of alcoholism, but I find his counsel to be useful in finding a ground in the labyrinth of chaos and confusion.

One simply must wrap one's mind around the problem of I having been born!

Not understanding I is not really an option. The will wills-to-know.

Certain qualities about the nature of Being do not change but are built into the fabric and inner mechanisms of perception and "the appearance of the life world."

Not everyone goes through the trouble of wrapping their minds around the problem of existence, i.e., "the ontological question."

Many drift through life without ever finding it the least bit peculiar that I the world should exist at all rather than not. For those of us who do find this predicament rather ~~disturbing~~ interesting if not downright disturbing, there is philosophy.

We take consolation in the fact that we have descended from a long line of fairly clever chimpanzees who have left us their meditations on the most perplexing issues concerning the nature of existence and Being-in-the-world.

It is quite possible to study one of the most brilliant of these chimpanzees from inside a cage if "one's people" can manage to order a couple books from "Barnes & Noble". Then one can read daily the philosophy of Schopenhauer as it is expressed in the two volumes of The World As Will & Representation. Will this help one understand? It certainly has the potential to change the reader's experience of their own condition. Will philosophy relieve the inherent anxiety? Philosophy as therapy, philosophy as consolation? What if our ontological speculations lead us not to consolation but to deeper despair and disillusionment? Are those who seek to understand the human condition doomed to confront the limits of Reason?

Yes, but one would have to "reach"
those limits to KNOW them!
And why bother attempting to keep alive a
dialogue concerning this state of
affairs? Many people despise learning.
They don't will-to-know.
They will-to-NOT-know.

Like Kurt Vonnegut Jr, I play stupid.
But I realize when something is incomprehens-
ible. I will edit the "critique on power"
posts... trying to reverse engineer it...
to make sense of it.
Attacking Hegel is simply me, being me.
Along with Hegel we attack the
institutionalization of stupidity. Ignorance
parading around as authority.

Haven't they realized that those who know
the most have no choice but to accept
that they do not have a clue why the
world exists rather than not?
Well, one Harkings fellow claims existence
is ~~the result~~ an accidental consequence
of gravity. A QUALITAS OCCULTAE.
An unknown/hidden/mysterious force.

X

145

Am I writing more now that I am not continually
inebriated or recovering from the damaging
effects of inebriation? The "intellect" is
able to assist the will. The "animal
life" is able to assist the "organic life".
The will does not always know what ~~it~~ is
best for it.

Reality is what it is. Jack Trumey of RR sees
the same reality as Arthur Schopenhauer.

The neocortex → the I → intellect/animal
The subcortex → the ~~body~~ → will/organic

"The Beast" is clearly and unmistakably the will.
That which "recognizes" [KNOWS] the addictive
voice (the will) is "the I", consciousness
(self-consciousness of the will), is the intellect,
that which knows ^{that} which is ~~power~~ capable
of being known in the manner of being known.

The fuzzy part: if intellect (animal) is a
tool of the will (organic), then how
can the intellect really be used "against
the impulses of the will"? [?]

Writing and madness are intimately related. All her life Virginia Woolf suffered from periodic nervous breakdowns, those moments when her depression became suffocating. Woolf lived in fear of her own mind.

She was sensitive to her brain's "vibrations". Introspection was her only medicine! Introspection → Phenomenology. In her own diary, she wrote, "My own psychology interests me. I intend to keep full notes of my ups and downs for my private information, and thus objectified, the pain and shame become at once much less."

Virginia Woolf used her sardonic humor to blunt the pain: "I feel my brains, like a pear, to see if it's ripe; it will be exquisite by September." Her incurable madness was strangely transcendental. She put stones in her ^{coat} pockets in March, 1941, walked to the river and drowned herself. And so it goes.

Before she drowned herself, in between her depressive episodes, she filled her diaries with fresh insights into the workings of her own "difficult nervous system."

When forced to lie in bed, she stared at the ceiling contemplating her own brain.
In a journal of 1922, at the age of 40, she wrote, "I am beginning to learn the mechanism of my own I brain."

I do not exist. The self invents itself.
The cells created man in the image of the will's self-consciousness.

"We" take our scattered thoughts and instant sensations and we bind them into something solid.

Nietzsche expresses this with, "My hypothesis is the subject as multiplicity."

We are here experiencing this. I have a fragile faith in the self, but maybe there is ~~for some~~ deep insight into this hypothesis: I do not exist.

How does the self become us, then? How do we become these personalities with characteristics and temperaments? The self is an illusion - This was Woolf's final view of the self.